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Messages of Truth

BY

EMMA HUGHES

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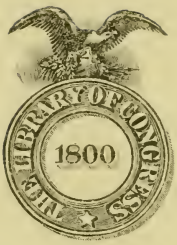

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TRUTH.

Truth is mighty and will prevail
Changeless, and cannot fail.
Stand up for truth, "To will and do,"
Always to "Thine own self be true."

It will teach you how to live,
How to labor, how to give;
How to reap and how to sow.
In this world we need to grow.

Try to grow in wisdom's ways,
Follow all the truth; it pays.
Cling to faith and truth will give
That inward peace in which to live.

With courage brave and truth for guide,
Our sorrows, cares, can ne'er abide.
Hearts well tuned with love will be
One faith, one hope, one victory!

Truth is strong and will endure,
Conquers all, and is so sure;
Let its power within you reign,
Love it! Life will be your gain.

THOUGHTS.

Thoughts are forces, try to lead them
To the Highest for your good;
Lift them higher and still higher,
Only this can ease your load.

Some cherish good thoughts for a moment;
Ah! there is their great mistake.
Had they lingered along with its message
Their minds would have been wide awake.

The thoughts that we hold for others
Do help or hinder the plan;
Such force they send through the Universe
To weaken or strengthen the man.

Beware of the pain that will follow,
The way of the thoughtless is hard:
Our thoughts may be guided aright
To help the life that is marred.

We need not to stop for one moment,
The mystery already revealed;
In leading our thoughts to the Highest
We open the mind that is sealed.

LABOR.

He is truly great who labors for love,
And maketh no account for honor;
His scepter of gold is ever filled
In the work he has done for another.

It is easy to labor and to wait,
When we know through love is given
Much strength and power to overcome
Many ills that we wish to lessen.

The labor of love is sweet indeed,
No matter how hard the task;
Strive to conquer, and fill the need,
Wherever you may be asked.

To work in His vineyard day by day
Means love for humanity alway,
Seeking to serve the Highest we prove
One greatest blessing, "The labor of love."

PLANTS.

Each plant has its parasite,
  And we in our growth
Shake them off one by one
  As the stem budding forth.

Each has a human shape,
  A likeness to reflect,
An image of the Infinite
  Sweet memories may detect.

A magnet must be made,
  As in geniuses of old;
Mind cannot entertain its powers,
  If limited and cold.

Man, like the plant, he deals
  With Nature in his course,
Resolves to know the greater things—
  Its mystery and its force.

LOVE.

Love is Mastery over self,
  Falsity it will disdain;
Interpret for yourself today,
  And love will be your gain.

Full of joy and simple trust,
  Try to gather all of good;
Love is strong and always just,
  Fed upon this heavenly food.

Its precepts, High and Holy,
  Is gain for what its worth;
We cannot measure sparingly,
  The price brings joy and mirth.

Joy to all, for love is broad,
  No small compass can define,
This great truth embraces all,
  Never let your love decline.

Now, dear friends, I would suggest,
  The love that you must hold,
Be always seeking for the best,
  In the one great love unfold.

AN EASTER SONNET.

The beautiful hues in summer skies
  Tell of great wonders to passers by;
Radiant lives see more and more
  Catching in Nature as moments fly.

Thrilling with joy this Easter fills,
  O'er all the earth His life sublime.
In every creature, in every seed,
  Waiting its own in its due time.

Filling the soil with all that is sweet,
  Noble thoughts will thus overflow.
Life that is meant for us to shew
  Is the love to humanity ever aglow.

Easter flowers are freed from the earth,
  Showing their beauty in colors so grand;
Better than all is the life that is worth,
  Building aright our lives will stand.

As in ages gone by the flowers have stood
  Each year bringing their frangance sweet,
Under the earth in the cold and chill
  Life has been kept protected from sleet.

HOPE AND FAITH.

I hope, says one, tomorrow
The fullness of joy may come;
Not thinking how weak the asking
Without the Faith may doom.

Expand thy faith, dear brother,
Not simply hope to be.
Thy faith will prove it later
The best or worst for thee.

Our power is kept in idleness
If only we hope that we can,
The strength and the will to do
Is the way of the Higher plan.

Faith is tried in many ways,
But is the greatest assurance of all,
A quality that only can satisfy
Will remove when hope will fall.

Direct your hopes to the Highest,
Let faith be your treasure and trust;
Lean on the one great Power,
Exalted in Him you must.

CLIMBING.

We can climb the heights of the mountains,
And down to the valley beneath;
There the symbols of God's great power
Is often hidden away in a sheath.

We cover up all that is holy,
In this sheath are apt to employ
Wrong thoughts in wrong directions
Do not fit for the goal nearby.

The climbing for us should be greater
Than mountain, or valley, or sea;
But be careful when thou art stepping—
In this life we need to be free.

The climber is often weary
Who tries to battle for greed;
This self which is full of danger
Must be conquered e'er we can be freed.

Only Thy will, oh, Father,
Can help us to climb alone;
In the midst of many dangers
Thou art the same "Great One."

THE HELPING HAND.

To shelter our brothers in deep despair
The helping hand draws near,
And cheers the seeming comfortless
To make his life more clear.

Help that helps the thirsty soul
To depths of love and grace,
Is the helping hand now needed—
We should meet it face to face.

Strength will be given to overcome
Many obstacles tho' near.
Our love for principle the test,
Great faith in our brothers clear;

The help be like a soldier's brave
To give along life's way.
The best that we have is sure to win,
Truth always will obey.

Do life's common task as it comes,
Be quick to see needed relief;
Be happy, be generous, and loving—
Fear not, for the time is brief.

SPRINGTIME.

Springtime, glorious springtime,
  Fresh revival of the fittest;
In the air so rich and balmy
  Branches fresh on earth thou givest.

Buds and blossoms putting forth
  All their energy to gain,
Life is giving what it hath,
  Every season maketh plain.

First the blade, then the ear,
  So the blossom in its course
Seeks the sun to help uplift
  Life itself the only force.

Spring the season of the year
  Bids us grow from earth to heaven;
In this growth the richer fruit
  Transformed in our lives be given.

Patience, too, must far excel
  Nothing ever done too well.
In our daily tasks we find
  Our only source, the spring, doth tell.

SYMPATHY.

Sympathy given is a blessing received;
Indeed, one of the greatest of all
If given with love for the sake of the one
Who is feeling depressed by a fall.

It enlarges the life, the one perfect whole,
Which needs loving kindness today,
In sorrow and pain can find relief,
True sympathy works every way.

To mellow our hearts in compassion
For the brother who needs and approves,
Take the sweet for the bitter to strengthen
The sympathy destined to prove.

May this work be yours and mine
To help each struggling soul
In many ways when understood
Our lives may teach the whole.

THINGS OF LIFE.

The many mixed-up things of life
  Will sadden or make joy;
I wonder why so many feel
  That life is all a toy?

This reckless thought makes many mourn.
  Countless millions every day
Still are wavering and being torn—
  Life was not made for play.

Life is something for earnest thought,
  Life is loving and giving each day,
Life is the goal to be reached,
  To be worked for in this way.

Life is not worry, it will never bring
  This light of life to thee.
Love fills you with the greatest life
  If you will loving be.

MISTAKES.

Sometimes the road is rough
  And long to our tired feet;
We fain would linger on,
  Our life the less complete.

Through our mistakes we learn
  Sometimes to grasp the greater things,
To know ourselves more fully
  We learn the lesson Eternal brings.

'Twas our mistakes that lead
  To pleasures so often untold.
There was no happiness, but then
  Lessons taught us to unfold.

We who have sown thorns and briars
  Instead of love, the chosen seed,
Will grow along with our desires—
  The love of self the giant weed.

The friends we love can deeply wound;
  They always seem to find
And see mistakes in many ways—
  Dost thou think them always kind?

Love, Eternal Love, will scatter
  All the briars help remove,
In our daily lives will gather
  Be unattached, our brother prove.

DAWN.

The false dawn of earthly life
How fast it fades in gloom;
Hasten onward to the changeless,
Higher hopes will then assume.

Loiter not, lest you would stumble,
Many thorns be in your way;
Trust yourself, nor heed the stubble,
Rise above all earthly clay.

Petty laws will make no right,
They only scatter men apart;
The life evolved will help the race
And fill with love the human heart.

Surely man must guard himself
Ere he can himself be true,
To rise above and penetrate
The soul of man again renew.

This lordly weapon love will guide,
Nor need no trials in the way;
The life well-lived is surely grand,
Will lift us up above the clay.

When on earth our mission's filled,
We rise to more celestial plane.
Our work well done whilst here below
Will fit us for the greater gain.

KINDNESSES.

'Tis the little kindnesses
  Help our brother on the road
To greater deeds of beauty
  If we have rightly sowed.

The little deeds are always
  More precious to our hearts,
In them we often find
  The seed that love imparts.

Kindness will ne'er forget
  The one who is needing sore;
This life is full of kindness
  When we ourselves no more.

The great love follows us,
  Never can we get away;
Strive on; more love will come,
  Kindness will help the way.

Acts of kindness which have made
  Some dear soul more free
Have crowned you with a blessing,
  The crown of life 'twill be.

This crown of life is evergreen,
  Don't let it fade with time;
Such will gather in your memory
  Kindness and love sublime.

BE STRONG.

Child of man, awaken
The Powers that dormant lay;
Within thy breast lies shadowed
The heart that once was clay.

Be strong and vigilant in mind,
Thy work will follow thee;
Create thy soul and stand alone
To will! to dare! to be!

Thy will to choose the Higher state
Which love of truth demands.
Awaken, then, His promise wait
To cheer with love command.

The world is sad and troubled,
Her heart is drenched with fear;
The seeds of truth lie scattered,
But are growing everywhere.

What shall the harvest be, then,
When we our work complete?
The help that we have given
Is thine alone to meet.

THE SOUL.

Resplendent in beauty,
Divine at its source
The soul will be lifted
To God in its course.

With courage undaunted,
Our feet planted firm
On great resolutions,
Dependent on Him.

Be not cast down,
Thy soul will live
To grow in splendor
With more to give.

The seeming difficulties
Of life perchance
Have gained for thee
More love enhanced.

Strength must thou ask
Of God alone.
To build on Him
And wait thy doom.

SUNSHINE.

This morning bright with sunshine,
  Air so bracing and so calm,
Full of life and splendor,
  We all can feel its charm.

Plenteous in its riches,
  Boundless fruits we gain
Through love that works within us
  When natural as the rain.

Not like troubled willows
  Surging o'er life's sea,
Let the radiant sunshine
  Ever work in thee.

Telling of its glory
  Then your strength will be
One so great and holy
  Will forever dwell with thee.

As mighty as the ocean,
  The power that dwells within;
Its treasured price is priceless,
  Its wisdom gained through Him.

THE LAUREL.

Beware of the lure of the laurel,
We are born for a higher estate;
Our troubled self for ambition
Will blind us perhaps too late.

And so ambition in the mind
Is diverse in many ways;
It is like the laurel grows
So frequently it plays.

In patterning our lives
By the laurel-crowned chain
We unknowingly annex
The desire for wreath of fame.

And sometimes all-absorbing
The desire of fame will be,
It will fill us with all selfishness,
No reward for you or me.

As self the root cause of all evil,
Ambition will carry us away
From the path we earnestly seek—
Beware of temptations today.

PICTURES.

In the moonlight I was sitting,
  Dwelling on the light,
When many varied pictures
  Glanced before my sight.

One was true to nature,
  All sublime with grace,
Gentle as a whisper
  Which time could not efface.

Then a storm and tempest
  With a light so dim,
Till again the moonlight
  Shone through clouds so thin.

Nature loves all seasons,
  Oh! that I could, too!
In the quiet moonlight hours
  Expression gives to few.

Love is the soul, sweet picture
  It permeates through and through
Nature draws us nearer
  The goal we have in view.

CREATION.

"Man is his own creator,"
  This universe is his
To plan, to make, or falter,
  According as he wills.
His instrument is greater
  When noble thoughts do guide,
His latent powers lie dormant
  Till Faith bids him arise.
Awaken, then, to onward go
  He settles for the right;
This earth is his dominion,
  The way for him is bright.
Altho' the path seems weary
  To those who would refrain,
Some tasks are seeming easy
  And some are hard again.
The awakened soul fresh courage takes,
  And on his upward path
Goes slowly as the flowers grow
  And giveth what he hath.
Man must be himself alone
  Along this path to win,
No anxious care or evil thought
  When Christ doth dwell within.
Put thy trust in God alone,
  Thy faith make strong each day
To overcome all obstacles—
  This is the only way.

GLORIFICATION.

The beautiful hues in summer sky
  Tell of great wonders to passers by;
Radiant lives see more and more
  We catch in Nature as moments fly.

Thrilling with joy this Easter fills
  O'er all the earth is life sublime;
In every creature, in every seed,
  Waiting its own in its due time.

Filling the soil with all of good
  Life that is meant for us to show
Noble thoughts will thus complete,
  Love for humanity all aglow.

Easter flowers are freed from earth,
  Showing their beauty in colors so grand;
Better than all is the life that is worth,
  Building aright our lives will stand.

As in ages gone by the flowers have stood
  Each year bringing their frangance sweet,
Under the sod in the cold and chill,
  Life has been kept, protected from sleet.

JUST FOR TODAY.

Look not to the morrow to solve thy doubts,
Now is the time to scatter the clouds,
To delve to the innermost parts of self
And find what is prone to befall, or help.

It is for today God's blessings are given,
Be ready, be glad, to receive them with Him,
To guide with his spirit, His love to control,
All seeming trials Himself will make whole.

Each day as you make it so the test,
No day is better than the rest.
Rewards are not for us to know—
The seeds well sown will surely grow.

No claim on work supremely done,
Its God's work and His the victory won.
No merit, then, from outside foes to meet,
We stronger grow and life is more complete.

As it becomes more sacred so we find
The many gifts are given to help unfold
The inner self from selfhood is made free,
And we are one in this great Trinity.

THE SHINING LIGHT.

Is your light shining, "Child of the Perfect One,"
In whose aim to bless all, He would give
Of Himself in words and deeds alike
The impress left on some dear soul to live.

Is thy light shining each and every day
Apart from worldly objects to obey
The one great principle of love the test,
Beaming bright in thine unfolded breast.

Say, is it thine to keep within thyself,
Thy selfish heart must break away from gain
The love of self will scatter all of good,
Awake, then, to one common plane.

To serve, to cherish, all that comes our way
May be, in the dark, dismal of the night,
Thy soul awakens and becomes thyself—
Hurry on to do with all thy might.

Fear not, dear friend, this will help thee know
What's best for thee. In life we come and go,
Dear Lord, I ask that my desire may be
To help along life's journey full and free.

Free to dear souls who want to know
Their destiny should dwell within each one,
Be loving, strong, tender and true,
Then show thy light, the doing is for you.

SILENCE.

More precious than all the pearls of great price
In the silence the soul may be found,
Our hearts when cleansed with the spirit of love,
The beauties of life will be crowned.

No sacrifice, then, we need cherish,
More sacred than all is this power,
This silence enriches the heart
And filleth the soul with desire.

One part of the whole felt in silence
Is the one for us all to obtain;
How priceless the pearl when locked closely,
The shell does not open in vain.

Close folded our lips will be silenced,
Our thoughts will be lofty and pure;
Let us cleave to the highest and holy
In the silence, be true and be sure.

ABUNDANT LIFE.

Still strengthen thy faith
That thy soul may live,
Thy temple be guarded
To praise and to give.
Do not lessen its worth
By extolling thy fame,
Just simply try trusting
The one sacred name.
In telling its wonders,
To seek it we gain
More strength to conquer
Our trials and pain.
Lift up your voices
Each dawn of the day,
Expecteth thy duty
To praise and to pray.
This heaven is full
Of radiance divine,
Its treasure the kingdom
In it we would shine.
The glory of love
None else can excel,
In tune with the Infinite
Is blissful to dwell.
The sun has its power
And always so bright,
On all the dear souls
Who are yearning for light.
More love for humanity
Will rise in our breast,
Our hearts overflowing
Will give what is best.

WORK.

Do thy work well,
  Nor heed the tempter's snare;
Discouragement can find no place
  When mind is centered there.

Material wealth is lost to sight
  When power is given to men
To cast all difficulties aside,
  The soul to be our gain.

This work would be at stake
  If only greed, our aim,
Would not complete this will of mine—
  Its worth is all I claim.

Beyond, then, would we further go
  To reach the far-off dome,
And give to those who cannot do
  This work which is our own.

A gift from high, our only source,
  Will help us overcome
Many trials that beset us
  Are no longer filled with gloom.

THE LOTUS.

I stood still, my heart sank within me,
  While I waited the Lotus to free;
The road was dark and dreary,
  My lonesome self ne'er could see.

Like others I had learned to be selfish
  For joys and pleasures of home;
I was helpless when I need to be strongest,
  In me there was nothing but gloom.

Now the Lotus was waiting patiently
  For me to dispense with all fear;
When I touched it with the spirit of love
  It sent out its fragrance to cheer.

Its perfect perfection and odor so sweet
  I looked with consciousness into the flower;
My weariness left me, I became strong,
  Amazed, with its beauty, its perfume and power.

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